

THE NEWS RECORD
(Twice-a-Week.)
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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1911.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Is the world about to end? Has the devil turned saint?

The Pennsylvania legislature is going to submit the Initiative, Referendum and Recall to a vote of the people of that state!

Think of that, you pessimists. Think of voters in old railroad and Standard Oil owned Pennsylvania getting a chance to run their own state. Isn't that enough to perk up the faintest-hearted reformer who ever took to the woods?

For more than 40 years, from the time of old Thad Stevens and Simon Cameron, down thru the successive bossisms of Simon's son Don, of Matt Quay and to the present degenerate rule of Holes Penrose, the people of Pennsylvania have had no more political say than a jackrabbit—except once when sick of the awful stench at Harrisburg they elected Pattison governor. But only the once.

For more than a generation, Pennsylvania has been a byword of political slavery. Those of us who were born there have carefully concealed the fact. Old Keystone has been looked upon as an anomaly among American

commonwealths, a state without an intelligent, honest citizenship strong enough to cut any figure in the election. In the estimation of the rest of the United States, Pennsylvania citizenship was divided into two classes—the corrupters and the corruptible. The state was considered even more hopeless, politically and morally, than New Jersey and Rhode Island. And now they are going to vote on a proposition to restore to the voters their political rights!!

We shall see, what we shall see.

Men make fun of women's hats—and they are so ugly nowadays that they are ludicrous—but how about the fashion in men's shoes? Was there ever anything uglier in footwear than the lump-footed affairs now being worn? The "korrekt style" looks more like a snail than a shoe.

Wallawa county has the handsomest and most nicely furnished court room in the state, bar none. And it is in the most economically constructed court house in several states.

GREATEST OF ALL DETECTIVE STORIES

(Continued from first page.)

thrilling story with a mystery that would have taxed the combined ingenuity and intellect of Sherlock Holmes and Father Brown to solve.

Watch for it and be sure to start at the beginning.

Starts Much Trouble.

If all people knew that neglect of constipation would result in severe indigestion, yellow jaundice or virulent liver trouble they would soon take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end it. It's the only safe way. Best for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, chills and debility. 25c at all druggists.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, March 27, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Charles W. Darlington, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on January 5, 1910, made Homestead Application No. 07476, for N½ SW¼, Section 15, Township 1 South, Range 44 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Carl Roe, United States Commissioner, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 18th day of May, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Lyons, Curtis J. Sanford, John E. Osterhoudt, and King S. Francis, all of Enterprise, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, March 13th, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Frances J. Ogan, widow of William H. H. Ogan, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on June 8th, 1909, made Homestead Application No. 06641, for S½NE¼ and E½NW¼, Section 31, Township 1 South, Range 46 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Carl Roe, United States Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 10th day of May 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Henry E. Davis and Ernest F. Wright, of Joseph, Oregon; Neil Stewart and Robert F. Smith, of Enterprise, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, March 28, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Charles O. Stewart, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on July 20, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 06826, for Lot 4, E½SW¼, SW¼SE¼, Section 30, township 1 south, range 46 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. C. Boatman, county clerk of Wallawa County, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 18th day of May, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Henry E. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, and Ernest Wright, Albert L. Houck and Rubin Danly, all of Enterprise, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, March 27, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Curtis J. Sanford of Enterprise, Oregon, who on May 16, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 15014, Serial No. 04811, for E½NW¼, SW¼NW¼, NE¼SW¼, section 22, township 1 south, range 44 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Carl Roe, United States Commissioner, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 18th day of May, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: John E. Osterhoudt, Samuel A. Gotter, Hugh C. Laird, and Alford E. Hartley, all of Enterprise, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Wallawa County.
Emma B. Cramer, Plaintiff,

vs.
David H. Cramer, Defendant.

To David H. Cramer, above named Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you by the plaintiff in the above entitled court and cause, within six weeks from and after the 12th day of April, 1911, the same being the date of the first publication of this Summons; and if you fail so to appear and answer, you will be in default for want thereof and plaintiff will thereupon apply to said court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit, for a decree of said court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that said plaintiff have an absolute divorce from said defendant.

The defendant will take notice that this Summons is published by order of Honorable J. B. Olmsted, county judge of Wallawa County, Oregon, in the Wallawa Chieftain, a newspaper published weekly at Enterprise, in said county and state, and directing that same be published in said newspaper for a period of six weeks and seven issues thereof, the date of the first publication thereof being the 12th day of April, 1911, and the last publication being the 25th day of May 1911.

A. M. RUNNELLS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Read the advertisements.

TRUXTON KING
Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon
Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

(Continued from First page.)

young attendant hurried up to him. "I bear a message from his royal highness," said the attendant, detaining him. "Prince Robin has asked for you, sir."

"I'll see him," said King promptly, as if he were granting the audience.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE WATER GATE.

It was a vast, lofty apartment, regal in its subdued lights. An enormous golden bed with gorgeous hangings stood far down the room. So huge was this royal couch that Truxton at first overlooked the figure sitting bolt upright in the middle of it.

An old woman advanced from the head of the couch and motioned Truxton to approach.

"I am deeply honored, your highness," said the visitor, bowing very low.

The prince's legs were now hanging over the edge of the bed. His eyes were dancing with excitement.

"I want you to find Uncle Jack, Mr. King," said Bobby eagerly. "And tell him I didn't mean it when I banished him the other day. I really and truly didn't. He was having difficulty in keeping back the tears."

"I shall deliver the message, your highness," said Truxton, his heart going out to the unhappy youngster.

"Americans always do what they will," said the boy, his eyes snapping. "Here's something for you to take with you, Mr. King. It's my lucky stone. It always gives good luck."

He unclasped his small fingers. In the damp palm lay one of those peculiarly milky, half transparent pebbles common the world over and of value only to small, impressionable boys. Truxton accepted it with profound gravity.

"And when you come back, Mr. King, I'm going to knight you. I'd do it now, only Aunt Lorraine says you'd be worrying about your title all the time and might be distracted from your mission. I'm going to make a baron of you. That's higher than a count in Graustark. Vos Edgo is only a count."

Truxton started. "I shall be overwhelmed," he said. Then his hand went to his mouth in the vain effort to cover the smile that played there.

"My mother used to say that American girls liked titles," said the prince, with ingenuous candor.

"Prince Robin, may I?"—he glanced uneasily at the distant nurse—"may I ask how your Aunt Lorraine is feeling?"

"She acted very funny when I sent for you. I'm worried about her."

"What did she do, your highness?"

"She rushed off to her room. I think, Mr. King, she was getting ready to cry or something. You see, she's in trouble."

"She's worried about her brother, of course, and you."

"I just wish I could tell you—No, I won't. It wouldn't be fair," Bobby said, checking himself resolutely.

"She's awful proud of you. I'm sure she likes you, Mr. King."

"I'm very, very glad to hear that."

Truxton bent his knee. "Your highness, as it seems I am not to see her and as you seem to be the very best friend I have, I should very much like to ask a great favor of you. Will you take this old ring of mine and wish it on her finger just as soon as I have left your presence?"

"How did you know she was coming in again?" in wide-eyed wonder.

"Excuse me. I shouldn't ask questions. What shall I wish?" It was the old ring that had come from Spantz's shop. The prince promptly hid it beneath the pillow.

"I'll leave that to you, my best of friends."

"I bet it'll be a good wish, all right. I know what to wish."

"Then, goodbye and God bless you," said Truxton. "I must be off. Your Uncle Jack is waiting for me up there in the hills."

Truxton found Mr. Hobbs in a state bordering on collapse with Colonel Quinnox and Haddan.

"I say, Mr. King, there's no more chance of getting out of the—"

"Listen, Hobbs, we're going to swim out," said Truxton.

"Swim? Oh, I say! By hokey, he's gone clean daffy!" Hobbs was eying him with alarm.

"Not yet, Hobbs. Later on, perhaps. I had occasion to make a short tour of investigation this afternoon. Doubtless, gentlemen, you know where the water gate is, back of the castle. Hobbs, you and I will sneak under that slippery old gate like a couple of eels. I forgot to ask if you can swim."

"To be sure I can. Under the gate! My word!"

"I see!" cried Quinnox. "It can be done! No one will be watching at that point."

The sky was overcast the night as

A Story of Graustark
By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

The four men left the officers' quarters at 1 o'clock, making their way to the historic old gate in the glen below the castle.

"God be with you," said Quinnox fervently. The four men shook hands, and King slipped into the water without a moment's hesitation.

"Right after me, Hobbs," he said, and then his head went under.

A minute later he and Hobbs were on the outside of the gate, gasping for breath. Standing in water to their necks, Quinnox and Haddan passed the equipment through the barred openings. There were whispered good-bys and then two invisible heads bobbed off in the night, wading in the swift flowing canal up to their chins. Swimming would have been dangerous on account of the noise.

Holding their belongings high above their heads, with their hearts in their mouths, King and the Englishman felt their way carefully along the bed of the stream.

A hundred yards from the gate they crawled ashore and made their way up over the steep bank into the thick wild underbrush.

They stealthily stripped themselves of the wet garments and after no end of trouble succeeded in getting into the dry substitutes. Then they lowered the wet bundles into the water and quietly stole off through the brush to the king's highway, a mile or two above town.

"We take this path here for the upper road," finally said Hobbs. "It's a good two hours' walk up the mountain to Rabet's, where we get the horses."

At 4 o'clock, as the sun reached up with his long red fingers from behind the Monastery mountain, Truxton King and Hobbs rode away from Rabet's cottage high in the hills, refreshed and sound of heart. Rabet's son rode with them, a sturdy, loyal lad, who had leaped joyously at the chance to serve his prince.

Now let us turn to John Tullis and his quest in the hills. It goes without saying that he found no trace of his sister or her abductors. On the fifth day, a large force of Dawsberger soldiers, led by Prince Danton himself, found the fagged, dispirited American and his half starved men encamped in a rocky defile in the heart of the wilderness.

That same night a Graustark mountaineer passed the sentinels and brought news of the disturbance in Edelweiss.

In a flash it occurred to John Tullis that Marlanx was at the bottom of this devilry. The abduction of Lorraine was a part of his plan! Prince Danton advised a speedy return to the city. His men were at the command of the American. Moreover, the prince himself decided to accompany the troops.

Before sunrise the command, now five or six hundred strong, was picking its way down the dangerous mountain roads toward the main highway. Fifteen miles below Edelweiss they came upon the company of soldiers sent out to preserve order in the railroad camps, which was, of course, a further re-enforcement.

The sound of shooting in the distance struck their ears. Instantly the entire force was alert. A dozen shots were fired in rapid succession, then single reports far apart. The steady beat of horses' feet were now plain to the attentive company. There was a quick, incisive call to arms. A squad stood ready for action.

A small group of horsemen came thundering down the defile. Three minutes after the firing was first heard sentries threw their rifles to their shoulders and blocked the approach of the riders.

A wild, glad shout went up from the foremost horseman. He had pulled his beast to its haunches almost at the muzzle of the guns.

"Tullis!" he shouted, waving his hat.

John Tullis ran toward the excited group in the road. He saw three men, one of whom was shouting his name with all the power in his lungs.

"Thank God, we've found you!" cried the horseman.

"King!" exclaimed Tullis, suddenly recognizing him. A moment later they were clasping hands.

"What has happened, King? Where have you been? We looked for you after your disappearance."

"That's ancient history," interrupted the other. "How soon can you get these troops on the march? There's not a moment to be lost."

"Good glory, man, tell me what it is! What has happened? The prince—what of him?" cried Tullis, grasping King's arm in the clutch of a vise.

"He sends his love and reminds the order of exile," said King, smiling, then seriously: "Marlanx has taken the city. It was all a game, this getting rid of you. The prince and the others are besieged in the castle. Thank God, we got to you in time! Back here a couple of miles we came upon a small gang of robbers. We had a bit of shooting, and, I regret to say, no one was bagged."

"Lorraine—where is she, King?"

"Don't tremble like that, old man. She's safe enough in the castle. Oh, it was a fine game Marlanx had in his mind!"

While the troopers were making ready for the march Truxton King and Hobbs related their story to eager, horrified groups of officers.

Finally the battalion, augmented by the misguided company from the deserted railroad camps, moved swiftly into the defile, led by young Rabet. Truxton King rode beside the brother of the girl he loved, uttering words of cheer and encouragement.

"The Countess Ingomede—has anything been heard from her?" asked Tullis. He had been thinking of her for days and nights.

"Well, nothing definite," said King evasively.

(Continued Saturday.)

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior.

United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, April 13th, 1911.

To John McLean of Enterprise, Oregon, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Max Gumerman, who gives Enterprise, Oregon, as his post-office address, did on April 10th, 1911, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No. 06927, made August 14, 1909, for NW¼NE¼, N½NW¼ Sec. 13, and NE¼NE¼, Section 14, township 1 south, range 44 east, Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said John McLean has wholly abandoned said land for more than one year last past; that he has not improved nor cultivated said land nor maintained his residence thereon during the past year.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein either before this office or on appeal if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgement of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

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Date of third publication, May 4, 1911.

Date of fourth publication, May 11, 1911.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, March 27, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Reed, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on April 25, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 14968, Serial No. 04780, for W½NW¼, Sec. 23, E½NE¼, Section 22, Township 1 North, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Carl Roe, United States Commissioner, at his office at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 15th day of June, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Sam Baker, Earl Coffman, Patrick Loftus, and Arch Alford, all of Enterprise, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Foley Kidney Pills take hold of your system and help you to rid your self of your dragging backache, dull headache, nervousness, impaired eyesight, and of all the ills resulting from the impaired action of your kidneys and bladder. Remember it is Foley's Kidney Pills that do this. Burroughs & Mayfield.

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